

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

MILITARY

MARCH
No. 8

COMICS

10¢



THE SNIPER THE WORLD'S
GREATEST
MANHUNTER...HE HUNTS THE
MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL
GAME... **MAN!**

IN THIS ISSUE HE HUNTS...
THE BULL OF BERLIN



**THE
BLUE
TRACKER**



**And
DEATH a new
PATROL funny
riot**



**ALSO
AMERICA'S
ONLY..**

**REVEAL YOUR
NEWS**

**NAZI TERROR
EXPOSED BY TRAWLER**

GM THE NEW
PATROL

OUT OF THE BOILING SEA... UP FROM THE
MYSTERIOUS DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN
FLOOR RISES AN ISLAND, RIGHT IN THE
CENTER OF A WAR ZONE... WHOSE SHALL
IT BE?? WHAT MYSTERY DOES IT HOLD??

BLACK HAWK

In his greatest adventure
THE SUNKEN ISLAND OF DEATH!





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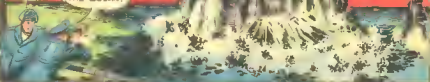
G.M.

ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND*Section 1*

SOUNDING STEADILY EASTWARD ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, SCENE OF DEMOCRACY'S FIERCE STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL, A LONG FREIGHTER SIGHTS A STRANGE DISTURBANCE ON THE SEA!

ON THE BRIDGE

LOOK, SIR... BY THE STARS
WHAT DO YOU AND STEPS!
MAKE OF A MOUNTAIN
THAT? RISING FROM
THE OCEAN!



WARNING! ERUPTION IN MID-ATLANTIC! ISLAND OF ROCK NOW STANDS IN CENTER OF SEA-LANES. APPROXIMATE POSITION....



FAR TO THE WEST, THE MESSAGE IS CAUGHT BY UNITED STATES DESTROYERS ON CONVOY DUTY....



WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET ANY OTHER NATION SEIZE THAT ROCK! IT WOULD BE A MENACE TO OUR TRADE ROUTES! AS SOON AS WE CAN LEAVE THESE FREIGHTERS WE MUST CLAIM THAT ROCK!!



...AND FARTHER TO THE EAST THE MESSAGE REACHES ENGLAND! A BRITISH MAN O'WAR PLAYS TOWARD THE ROCK



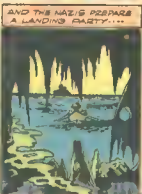
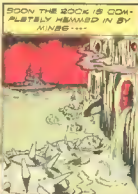
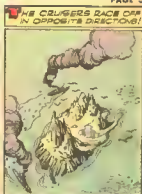
BUT NOT FAR FROM THE ROCK, TWO SKULKING NAZI RAIDERS INTERCEPT THE MESSAGE...

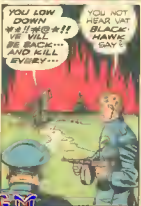


DOT ROCK IS A PERFECT BASE FOR OUR CONVOY RAIDERS! WE MUST HAVE IT! ALTER OUR COURSE, QUICKLY!!

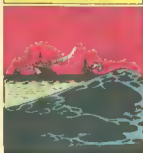
...AND SO BRINGING A MAD RACE OF THREE GREAT POWERS TO POSSESS A KEY POINT IN THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC







ANYWAY, BELIEVING THEY HAVE PASSED THE DANGER ZONE, THE DESTROYERS LEAVE THE CONVOY AND HEAD FOR THE ROCKS----



BUT HIGH ABOVE, A NAZI PATROL BOAT SPOTS THE HELPLESS FREIGHTERS----



CALLING CAPTAIN GORTH!! UNESCORTED CONVOY.... LATITUDE----

...AND ON ONE OF THE NAZI CRUISERS----

SO, AN UNESCORTED CONVOY, SHE ORDER PER OTHER SHIP TO LEAVE HERE AND ATTACK DEM!



WHILE ON THE ISLAND----

BLACKHAWK! AN UNESCORTED AMERICAN CONVOY! THAT MUST BE WHERE THAT NAZI CRUISER IS GOING!



BLACKHAWK ISSUES SWIFT ORDERS----

BUT-BUT YOU CAN'T STAY HERE ALONE! NO TIME TO ARGUE! YOU FELLOWS WILL HAVE TO STOP THAT CRUISER! I'LL TRY TO HOLD ON HERE TILL YOU GET BACK!!



A MOMENT LATER, ON TOP OF THE HUGE ROCK----

GOOD LUCK....! AND WATCH THE EDGE AS YOU TAKE OFF!!



...AND ON THE REMAINING NAZI CRUISER-----

ANA! THEY HAVE GIVEN UP! PREPARE TO LAND AGAIN!



HMMPH!! DOSE BLACKHAWKS, DEY ARE AFRAID OF US!





HMM! THIS LOOKS LIKE MY
CLUE TO GET OFF THIS
ROCK...AND FAST!!



MAKING HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY
TO THE LANDING, *Blackhawk*
APPROACHES THE BOAT....

SEEMS TO ME I
READ SOME-
THING ABOUT
ISLANDS LIKE
THIS!

VUN
MOMENT,
BLACK-
HAWK!



I THOUGHT YOU
WOULD TRY TO
ESCAPE
SORRY, BUT
I HAVE
OTHER PLANS!

DON'T BE
DRAMATIC!
CAPTAIN!
YOU MAY
KILL ME...
BUT DON'T
SEND ME
TO DEATH!



SOON YOU WILL
NOT BE SO
BRAVE BLACK-
HAWK, DIS IS
YOUR FINISH
AND MY REVENGE

WHAT A
HAM
ACTOR,
YOU'D MAKE,
CAPTAIN!



NOW, SWINE, YOU
WILL REMAIN TIED
TO DOT DYNAMITE,
AND WATCH DER
FUSE IN FRONT
OF YOU AS IT
MEASURES YOUR
LAST MINUTES!

ENJOY
YOURSELF,
CAP!
YOU
DON'T HAVE
MUCH
MORE
TIME!



GOODBYE, BLACKHAWK!
HAVE A NICE TRIP!
HA, HA, HA!



MEANWHILE, THE
BLACKHAWK OVERTAKES
THE NAZI CRUISER....



AN--THERE
IS THE
CRUISER!

HULLY UP!
OLIVE BOMB
'EM, THEN
WE GO HELP
MISSY
BLACKHAWK!

OLAF PEELS OFF IN A
SCREAMING DIVE....



WHEE! JUS' LIKE
ROLLES COASTERS!!

IN QUICK SUCCESSION,
THE OTHERS FOLLOW....



THE DEADLY, SHATTERING ACCURACY OF THE *Blackhawk's* WHIRLWIND ATTACK SOON REDUCES THE CRUISER TO A FLAMING MASS OF WRECKAGE!



AND AS SWIFTLY AS THEY HAD COME, THE AVENGING ANGELS STREAK AWAY...



MEANWHILE... ON THE ISLAND...

SO! BLACKHAWK IS FINISHED... AND THE ROCK IS OURS!!

JA, CAPTAIN! YE... VAT IS HAPPENING?



DER ROCK! IT IS SHAKING! IT IS GOING TO BLOW UP!

HURRY, YOU FOOL! SIGNAL DER CRUISER TO PICK US UP!!



OH! DER VALLS ARE FALLING! VE ARE DONE FOR!

DER SHIP IS COMING, SIR! IT... UGGH!



AND ON THE SEA, *Blackhawk* WATCHES, AND THE FUSE BURNS LOWER----

I WAS RIGHT! THIS IS ONE OF THOSE OCCASIONAL ERUPTIONS THAT FORCE UNDERSEA MOUNTAINS TO THE SURFACE, AND THEN FINISH IN A HUGE EXPLOSION!!



THAT FUSE IS ALMOST GONE, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL LIVE LONGER THAN THOSE POOR DEVILS



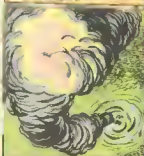
AS THE CRUISER MOVES IN, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION SPLITS THE ROCK!



AND TIME IS SO CLOSE BY
THE END LIKE A FOG!!!



FOR A MOMENT CLOUDS OF
STRAIN SWAY ABOVE...
AND THEN... AS THEY DIS-
APPEAR!!!



NOTHING BUT A RIV BUBBLES
REMAIN--THE WINDY OCEAN
IS AGAIN AT PACE



ALONE ON THE VAST EXpanse,
Blackhawk AWAITS
DEATH...



WELL, THAT'S THAT ---
AND THIS LOOKS
LIKE THE END OF ME!!

BUT HIGH ABOVE OLAF HAS
SPOTTED *Blackhawk*...



BLACKHAWK!
HE VILL BE
KILLED!!
VAT CAN VE DO!

**ME FIX!
ME FIX!
GIMME
ROPE,
QUICK!!**

'CHOPS!!
VAT YOU DO?
YOU CRAZY!!

SHUT UP!!
DO LIKE
CHOP-CHOP
SAY, YOU
BIG

你早入原@#
* * * 米郎



BELOW, *Blackhawk*
HAS HEARD THE PLANES...



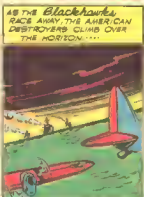
NOTHING THEY CAN DO
FOR ME NOW... THERE
ISN'T TIME! SO LONG,
BLACKHAWKS!!



WHAT
THE...

**YAHOO! ME DID
IT! ME 'SHARP-
SHOOTER!!**
**JUMP FLO' ROPE,
MISSY BLACKHAWK!!**
@#!! 百更外!!
'ULLY UP! JUMP!!





The SONG OF THE *Blackhawks*

→ RICHARD FRENCH

HAW... KAH... WE ARE THE BLACK... HAWKS...

HAW... KAH... WE'RE ON THE WING... OVER

LAND AND O-VER SEA WE WILL FIGHT TO MAKE MEN FREE AND TO

EV-RY NA-TION LIB-ER-TY WE'LL BRING-.....

HAW... KAH... FOL-Low THE BLACK- HAWKS.....

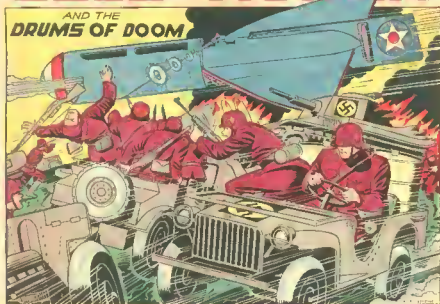
HAW... KAH... SHAT-TER YOUR CHAINS---- SE- VEN

FEAR-LESS MEN ARE WE, GIVE US DEATH OR LIB-ER-TY, WE ARE THE

BLACK- HAWKS -- RE-MEM-BER OUR NAME _____

THE BLUE TRACER

AND THE DRUMS OF DOOM



IN THE VAST EXpanse OF RUSSIA, THE BLUE TRACER, GREAT FIGHTING MACHINE BUILT BY BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES, WAGES AN UNCEASING CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE INVADING TEUTONIC MORDS AS IT RAIDS NAZI TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT

MEANWHILE IN GESTAPO HEAD-QUARTERS A WOUNDED GERMAN GENERAL REPORTS TO THE GAULIETER

HERR GAULIETER

GENERAL HERMAN VON BLUTT - YOU HAVE SUFFERED MANY WOUNDS FOR THE FATHERLAND..



YOU ARE NO LONGER ANY GOOD TO YOUR SELF OR OUR LEADER YOU MAY RENDER A LAST SERVICE BY TESTING THE EFFECTS OF OUR NEW POISON GAS - OR GO TO THE FRONT AND-



CATCH THE INFERNAL BLUE TRACER THAT HAS BEEN DRIVING US MAD!!

NO-NO! NOT THAT! NOT THE BLUE TRACER!



GOADED INTO TAKING THE DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT, GENERAL VON BLUTT LEAVES!

VON BLUTT IS A WILLY MAN- HE WILL SUCCEED!



AFTER DAYS OF INTENSE STUDY AND EXPERIMENTATION THE BATTERED MAN HITS UPON A PLAN.

AT LAST- I HAVE IT!!



THE BLUE TRACER LIKE'S TO SMASH PORTIFICATIONS AND TANKS- WELL, WE SHALL GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO SMASH!



HUNDREDS OF SOLDIERS ARE PUT TO WORK TO DIG AN IMMENSE HOLE IN THE NAZI LINE OF FORTS.



THE EXCAVATION IS THEN FITTED WITH A BIG METAL COVER PLACED ON A HUGE AXLE SO THAT EXTRA WEIGHT WILL TILT IT LIKE A SEE-SAW



COVERED WITH 500 AND A PAIR OF MACHE BLOCK HOUSE, THE TRAP CANNOT BE DETECTED.



CAN'T TELL THE DIFFERENCE!

MANY IMITATION WOODEN TANKS ARE PLACED IN A LINE BACK OF THE BUNKER

NOW WE'LL BAIT THE TRAP!



IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE BILL AND BOOM- FRANG ARE TIPPED OFF BY RUSSIAN OBSERVERS ABOUT THE TANK CONCENTRATION.

IT'S A BLUE TRACER SPECIAL!



THERE IS A PANZER UNIT FORMING BEHIND ONE OF THE NAZI FORTS- JUST THE JOB FOR US. WE'LL RAM THEM BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT'S HIT'EM!



FROM THEIR OWN HIDDEN HANGAR BACK OF THE RUSSIAN LINES, THE TWO MEN DRIVE THEIR SHIP FORWARD.



AFTER THE TAKE-OFF THE LANDING GEAR AND TRACTOR WHEELS ARE FOLDED IN!



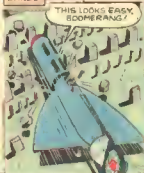
HIGH OVER THE BATTLE LINES THE BLUE TRACER FLIES SPURNING THE BURSTING ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE



NEAR HIS DECEPTIVE MASTER PIECE, HERMAN VON BLUTT WATCHES



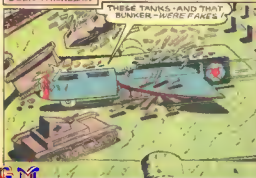
IN A SECOND, THE BLUE TRACER LAADS



CRASHING FORWARD LIKE A TORPEDO SHAPED TANK THE DEADLY MACHINE ADVANCES



TOO LATE THE DARING FIGHTERS DISCOVER THEY HAVE BEEN TRICKED...



AS THE WEIGHT OF THE BLUE TRACER TILTS THE TRAP COVER!!



THROWN FREE OF THE DOOMED MACHINE, BOOMERANG LANDS IN A PILE OF FALLING RUBBLE.



AND QUICKLY, THE EXULTANT VON BLUTT AND HIS SOLDIERS CHARGE FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES.



DAZED AND STUNNED, CAPTAIN BILL DUNN IS EASILY CAPTURED.



BUT BOOMERANG BURIES HIMSELF UNDER THE DEBRIS AND EVADES THE SEARCHERS.



AFTER LONG CROSS EXAMINATION BILL CONVINCES GENERAL VON BLUTT THAT HE WAS ALONE



FINALLY THE BLUE TRACER ITSELF IS HOISTED OUT OF THE TRAP.



AND TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS AS A TROPHY OF WAR FOR THE SOLDIERS TO SEE.



UNDER SPECIAL GUARD, BILL AWAITS TRIAL.



MEANWHILE-ONCE THE SEARCH FOR HIM IS GIVEN UP, THE AUSTRALIAN CLIMBS UP THE SIDES OF THE DEEP DARK PIT!



AND IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT
PULLS HIMSELF OUT OF THE TRAP



STEALTHILY HE CREEPS TOWARD
THE LONG SENTRY



GOTCHA!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, BOOM-
ERING IS DRESSED IN THE
SOLDIER'S UNIFORM!



IT IS STILL DARK WHEN THE
DISGUISED ANZAC LOCATES
THE CAPTURED AIRSHIP



BUT LUCK IS WITH HIM AS HE
FINALLY CLIMBS UNSEEN INTO
THE COCKPIT



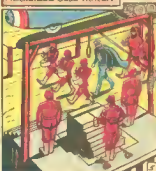
IN THE MORNING BILL IS SUMMONED
TO A SPEEDY MILITARY TRIAL.



AS YOU ARE CLASSED
AS A GUERRILLA AND NOT A
MILITARY PRISONER,
IT IS THE DECREE OF
THIS COURT THAT YOU
SHALL HANG UNTIL
DEAD - TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF
THE DRUMS OF DOOM!



IMMEDIATELY, BILL IS MARCHED TO A
SCAFFOLD OVERLOOKING THE IM-
MOBILIZED BLUE TRACER



THE DRUMS OF BOOM BEAT
A DEATH ROLL

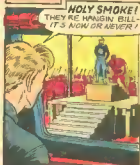


AS THE EXECUTIONER ADJUSTS
THE ROPE ABOUT BILL'S NECK.

GUESS IT'S GOODBYE TO MY
BLUE TRACER!

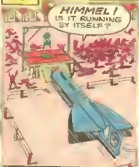


FROM THE WINDOW OF THE
BLUE TRACER BOOMERANG
WATCHES.



THE SUPPOSEDLY CAPTURED
BLUE TRACER LEAPS TO NEW
LIFE

HIMMEL!
IS IT RUNNING
BY ITSELF?



CRASHING INTO THE SCAFFOLD,
BOOMERANG SCATTERS THE
SOLDIERS.



AND STOPS DIRECTLY BENEATH
THE HANGING BILL DUNK.



AND A MAIL OF BULLETS RIPPED
BEHIND CUPIDON'S HIS FACE.



AND TOGETHER THEY ZOOM
ALIVE RISE HEAL TO REVENGE
THEIR FIGHT FOR DEMOCRACY



I AM WAITING
FOR THE
BLUE TRACER
THEY WILL NOT
ESCAPE THE
**YELLOW BUTCHER
OF KOKO NOR!**



LOOPS BANKS

WHO ROUGH AND TOUGH MARINES
CAPTAIN LOOPS MCCANN AND LIEUTENANT
BANKS BARROWS DON
TINUALLY SQUABBLE BETWEEN THEM-
SELVES... BUT WHO TO THE POOL
WHO TRIES TO INTERFERE.....

I'M AFRAID YOU
WON'T LIKE YOUR
NEW ORDERS
VERY MUCH
GENTLEMEN!



WE'RE GOING TO SPLIT UP YOU
TWO FOR A WHILE....CAPTAIN
MCCANN, YOU ARE GOING TO
RUSSIA AS A **TECHNICAL
ADVISOR**, AND YOU LIEUTENANT
BARROWS ARE
TO LEAD A FLIGHT OF
BOYS TO
KONG



DON'T LOOK SO WORRIED....
YOU'LL GET TOGETHER
RIGHT AFTER THAT AS
THE LIEUTENANT IS TO
GO ON TO **RUSSIA**
FROM THERE! THAT'S
ALL!!...SHOVE
OFF!!



THREE DAYS LATER,
BANKS SIDS
LOOPS SO LOVE
AND KOPS OFF...
TWENTY HOURS
LATER, THE FLIGHT
SIGHTS **KONG**...
KONG.....



BY JOVE! THOSE CHAPS
MADE IT IN RECORD TIME
THEY SURE CAN
FLY!!



LIEUTENANT
BARROWS
REPORTING,
SIR!!

RIGHTO!!
GLAD TO SEE
YOU OLD BOY!
--COME
ALONG!!



WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE
CLUB...THERE'S A DANCE
TONIGHT IN HONOR OF
YOU AND YOUR
MEN!!





WHY YOU...!! TAKE YOUR
FILTHY HANDS OFF MY
GIRL!!



LEAPING INTO THE FIGHT, THE
ORIENTAL BRINGS HIS GUN
DOWN HEAVILY ON BANKS'
HEAD...



AS SOON AS HE COMES TO
WE'LL USE SOME OF
OUR METHODS TO
MAKE HIM TALK!!!



TEN MINUTES LATER....

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE...
A SPY!! I THOUGHT YOU
CARED FOR ME,
YOU... YOU...



BANKS!
BELIEVE
ME!!

TELL US WHY YOU CAME HERE
...WHAT WAS THE REASON!
SPEAK!!

NO!!...
UGN!!



LISTEN, WHILE HE IS UN-
CONSCIOUS, WE CAN RADIO
THE SUBMARINE TO GO
AHEAD AND SINK THAT
FREIGHTER GOING TO
RUSSIA!!



THAT SHIP MUST NEVER GET
TO PORT!! WE CAN BLAME
ITS DESTRUCTION ON OUR
ENEMIES AND GET THE
UNITED STATES ANGRY
AT THEM... COME!
LET'S GO!!



GANGWAY YOU LLGS!!!
JEEPERS!! I'VE GOT TO
GET TO THAT FREIGHTER!
LOOPS IS ON
BOARD!!



I CAN'T RADIO THEM!! I'LL HAVE TO GO BY PLANE---
I... **ULP! WOWIE!!**
I BETTER GET OUTA HERE FAST!!

A FEW HOURS LATER, IN THE NORTH PACIFIC...

SAY, JIMMIE, I NOTICED YOU HAD SOME DEPTH CHARGES AND A TORPEDO ABOARD---
HOW COME? YOU HAVE NO WAY OF FIRING 'EM!!

OH THEY'RE NOT FOR US CAPTAIN LOOPS!! WE'RE TAKING 'EM TO RUSSIA SO THOSE BORSCHT GUZZLERS CAN STUDY 'EM!!

THEY HAV... **LOOK, CAPTAIN! LOOK...** IT'S AN AMER/AN BOMBER...
IT'S LANDIN'!!

THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY THAT CAN HANDLE A PLANE LIKE THAT JIMMIE!!
... **LIEUT. BANKS BARROWS!!**

BANKS!!
YOU OL' SEA---

CAN IT!! WE AIN'T GOT MUCH TIME!! THIS TUB'S GONNA GET A BELLY FULL OF TORPEDOS IN ABOUT TWO MINUTES!! I CAME TO WARN YOU!!

JIMMIE, YOU GET THOSE DEPTH CHARGES AND THAT TORPEDO ABOARD THE PLANE---AND STEP ON IT!! IF A SUB IS STALKING US WE GOTTA WORK FAST!!

JUST AS JIMMIE AND HIS MATE'S GET THE EXPLOSIVES ABOARD THE PSY, THE UGLY SNOUT OF AN ENEMY SUB PUSHES OUT OF THE WATER!!

THEY CAN'T SEE THE PLANE FROM WHERE THEY ARE---**COME ON!!** WE CAN STOP 'EM YET!!



AS LOOPS PUSHES THE HUGE TORPEDO OUT, HIS FEET GET TANGLED UP AND HE GOES FLYING OUT, TOO!!



NICE SOIN' FATSO!...THAT...
HEY...LOOPS...-UP!
LOOPS!!



ACTING PROMPTLY BANKS
UNRAVES THE RUOF REY INTO
A TIGHT SPIN...



BRINGING LOOPS BACK INTO THE
PLANE AND CRASHING TO THE
FLOOR AS HE FIGHTS IT...



QUICKLY
TELLING
LOOPS THE
STORY OF
MARIA AND
THE SPES,
THEY SPEED
BACK TO
HONG KONG
AND RUSH
TO THE
GRL'S
APARTMENT...



MAMA! MARIA!!
L'LOOPS--SHE'S
KILLED
HERSELF!!



WHAT'S THE NOTE,
SAY, BUDDY?

L'LISTEN!
THERE IS NOTHING
LEFT... I AM A
TRAITOR TO MY
COUNTRY...



A...AND THE MAN I LOVE...
HATES ME...GOODBYE...
MARIA...G'GEE!! A-AND
I THOUGHT...LOOPS!!
THOSE RATE!! THEY
DID THIS TO HER AND
I'LL GET EVEN!! I SWEAR
IT!! I SWEAR IT!!



EDITOR'S NOTE: WE INTERRUPT
THE STORY TO POINT OUT
THAT IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME
THAT TWO MEN SUSPECTED
OF BEING SPES WERE...



SHOT IN A THRILLING GUN-DUEL
...BY A BLACK HAIRRED FELLOW
USING A UNITED STATES ARMY
COLT AUTOMATIC...HE WAS
NEVER FOUND...



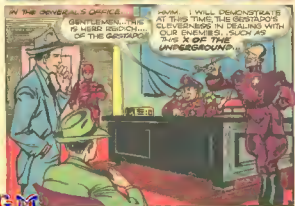
THE DAY AFTER, LEUTENANT
BANKS BARROWS AND CAPTAIN
LOOPS MCGANN LEFT HONG-
KONG FOR AMERICA...





PARIS, FRANCE... IN COLD BLOODED REPRISAL FOR THE BRAVE EFFORTS OF THE FRENCH TO THROW OFF THE HATED YOKE OF OPPRESSION, THE NAZI WAR MACHINE CRUELLY PUTS TO DEATH HUNDREDS OF INNOCENT HOSTAGES. DAY BY DAY, THE TOLL OF DEAD MOUNTS HIGHER... AND AS OUR SCENE OPENS, ANOTHER GROUP OF HELPLESS CIVILIANS FACE DEATH.....





NOW..ONE OF THESE
PAPER'S EXPLAINS OUR
SPRING OFFENSIVE...THE
OTHER IS A FAKE...I
WILL LET IT BE KNOWN
THAT I AM CARRYING
THE REAL PLANS...



THIS X WILL TRY TO
STEAL THE PLANS...
THEN WATCH
WHAT HAPPENS...



WHAT!! KARR..COUGH..
USA..WHAT IS...I'M..I'M..
CHOKING...



THAT LITTLE
FELLOW..HE'S..
TAKING THE PLANS
W..WHY..HE
MUST BE...



C'oke..STOP I SAY!!
COUGH...USA..THIS
AWFUL STUFF
IS...



DROP THE GUN,
REIDICH!!
THANK YOU,
MY FRIEND!

USA..



HEY THERE!
WAIT A MINUTE
!!

GRAY LOSES HIS GUARDY
FOR A MOMENT.. THEN...



THERE HE GOES..
INTO THAT BUILD-
ING...I'LL JUST
TAIL ALONG
AFTER HIM.

AS THE PURSUING REPORTER
GETS INSIDE..



GOOD EVENING,
MR. GRAY!!

WHAT?!



WHO DID
YOU WISH
TO SEE?

WHAT A
BEAUTIFUL GAL!!
..AND SHE KNOWS
MY NAME..
WONDER IF....



SHOT & SHELL

By
Hordling

A LETTER THAT GOT PAST THE NORWEGIAN CENSORS REVEALS THAT OUR TWO FRIENDS, COL. SAM SHOT AND SLIM SHELL, HAVE LANDED IN THAT COUNTRY.. WHERE THEIR IMPETUOUS DEEDS TAKE THEM, AS USUA-., OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE..

THEY ARE MET BY A FEW OF THE OCCUPATION FORCES..

SOUNDS, THIS IS NO SECRET WARPLANE. 'TIS BUT A PRIVATE AFFAIR.. I, AS A COLONEL IN THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF KENTUCKY, CAN VOUCHSAFE YOU THAT...

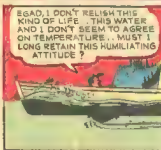
TO WIT: I APPEAL ON MY RIGHTS UNDER INTERNATIONAL LAW YOU CANNOT CONFISCATE THIS OUR SHIP! IS THAT CLEAR?

JA! VE CONFISCATE IT!

S'NO USE, SAM, LE'S GO.

NEIN! VAIT! YOU TOO! VE CONFISCATE YOU TOO!

AWK!

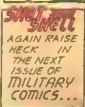
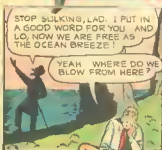
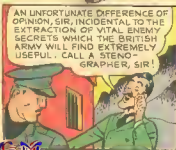
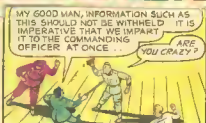
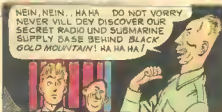




AND, AFTER A LONG, WEARY VOYAGE



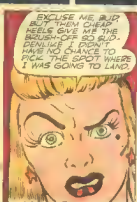
RIGHTO! NOW DO YOU MIND IF WE CONTINUE BLOWING UP THESE COAL MINES?



NAVYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
*Section 2.***YANKEE
EAGLE**BY
JOHN
STEWART

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO YOUR BEST FRIENDS ARE GOING TO BE IN A TIGHT PLACE. JERRY NOBLE, THE AMERICAN YANKEE EAGLE OF NAVAL SECRET SERVICE DIDN'T, TILL THE FUHRER'S "COMMANDER" PUT A GUN TO HIS HEAD AND THE BLUE CHIPS WERE DOWN FOR A KILL... BUT READ ABOUT IT IN... "YANKEE EAGLE AND THE BLONDE TORCH SINGER!!!"

ONE NIGHT, AS JERRY NOBLE RETURNS FROM A LATE PARTY... BUT WHEN THE CAB DRAWS AHEAD OF JERRY



A FEW MINUTES LATER IN AN OPEN-ALL-NIGHT BEANERY...

CHIEF OF NAVAL SECRET SERVICE?... LOOK GEORGE, I'VE GOT A LINE ON THAT COMMANDER BLOKE WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO TRACE. MOST UNEXPECTED BREAK I EVER GOT IN MY LIFE!



K HIM DOWN FIND OUT WHAT HE'S TO JERRY. KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US, AND GOOD LUCK! THAT COMMANDER'S KILLED OR MIA KILLED A HALF DOZEN OR MORE OF OUR BEST MEN



HEY! YOU DIDN'T DRINK YOUR COFFEE!

JUST SHOW ME WHERE THIS FELLOW IS THAT WON'T LISTEN TO YOUR SINGING, AND I'LL MAKE HIM GIVE YOU A FAIR TRIAL

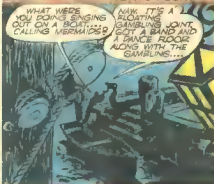
SAY, YOU'RE A RIGHT GUY!



THE BLOWIE SINGER, ONE MAIDIE TENANT, EADS JERRY DOWN TO THE DOCKS...

WHAT WERE YOU DOING SINGING OUT ON A BOAT... CALLING MERMAIDS?

NAW, IT'S A FLOATING GAMBLING JOINT, GOT A BAND AND A DANCE FLOOR ALONG WITH THE GAMBLING...



ABOUT 2 hours LATER

GOOD NIGHT, MAIDIE. WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME THIS GAMBLING SHIP WAS ANCHORED TWELVE MILES OUT!

GEE, CHUM, I'M SORRY, I DON'T THINK OF IT.... TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL MAKE IT A LOT EASIER FOR YOU TO ROW...



I'LL SHY FOR YOU....

I DON'T WANT TO SET THE WORLD ON FI-YERRRRR!

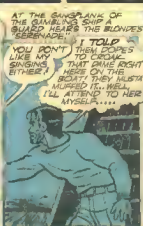
SH! QUIET! IT'S BEAUTIFUL... BUT DON'T IT!



AT THE GANGPLANK OF THE GAMBLING SHIP A GUARD HEARS THE BLONDES "SERENADE."

YOU DON'T LIKE MY SINGING EITHER?

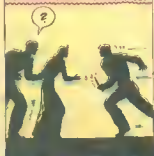
I TOLD THEM DOPES TO CROAK THAT DAME RIGHT HERE ON THE BOAT! THEY MUSTA MUFFED IT... WELL, I'LL ATTEND TO HER MYSELF....



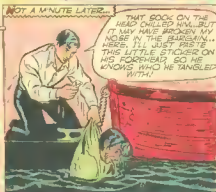
I DO LIKE YOUR SINGING, I WAS AFRAID THEY'D HEAR US COMING, YOU KNOW HOW SOUND CARRIES OVER THE WATER.



THE GUARD LUNGES OUT OF THE SHADOWS AIMING HIS GLEAMING DAGGER AT MAISE'S SOLAR PLEXUS.



AND IT'S DUMB LUCK THAT SAVES THE GINGER BLONDE AGAIN!!



JERRY NOBLE AND HIS GIRL FRIEND WITH THE CHARMED LIFE, SNEAK ABOARD THE DESERTED GAMBLING SHIP WITHOUT ATTRACTING FURTHER NOTICE....

NOW KEEP QUIET AND TELL ME WHAT THIS COMMANDER LOOKS LIKE

YOU GOT ME, PIL. NOBODY ABOARD THIS BOAT SEES THE COMMANDER HIMSELF THAT'S WHAT THEY TOLD ME... NOBODY AT ALL!

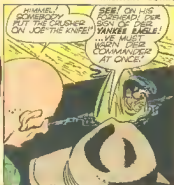


THE REGULAR EMPLOYEES COME TO THIS ROOM TO TALK WITH HIM THOUGH, SO I COME DOWN TOO. THE DOOR WAS OPEN...

IT'S LOCKED NOW, MAISE, BUT I'LL HAVE THE LOCK PICKED IN A JIFFY. LOAN ME A HANDPIN!



AT THE SAME TIME, TWO OF THE COMMANDER'S MINIONS FIND THE GUARD WHERE JERRY LEFT HIM...!!



THE TWO MEN HURRY DOWN TO THE LITTLE LOCKED ROOM, AND FIND...



A PANEL ON THE WALL SLIDES OPEN AND THE COMMANDER HIMSELF STEPS OUT....

I WISH TO HEAR THIS GIRL. SHE MAY BE THE YANKEE EAGLE'S ACCOMPICE. PUT HER IN DER NEXT ROOM... ALSO STRING THE EAGLE* UP WHERE I CAN TALK TO HIM....

JA, HEERZ COMMANDER!



WHEN JERRY NOBLE RECOVERED HIS FEELINGS...

YOU HAVE CAUSED MEIN FEHLER'S SPIES TOO MUCH TROUBLE, HEERZ EAGLE, BUT VE HAVE BECOME TOO SMART FOR YOU. YOU FINALLY FELL INTO OUR TRAP!



YOU MEAN THIS DUMB BINGER AND ALL THIS BANGLING SHIP SET-UP WAS JUST TO CATCH ME? ...NOT COMMANDER I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN BELOW THIS DEVIL'S CRAFT!



JERRY'S RETORT WAS JUST A SHOT IN THE DARK, BUT IT FOOLS THE COMMANDER COMPLETELY....

SO MUCH DER VORSE FOR YOU! ...AND SINCE YOU KNOW VE BUILD A TUNNEL BENBATH THE OCEAN'S FLOOR, YOU KNOW WHERE DER OTHER END COMES UP...NEIN...I TELL YOU!



OUR TROOP, CARRYING SUBMARINE BRING SOLDIERS TO DER TUNNEL. DEY MARCH BENBATH THE SUBMARINE NETS ...AND WAPP! DEY COME UP ASHORE AND CAPTURE YOUR GREATEST AMERICAN NAVAL BASE, LIKE THAT!



AND NOW, HEERZ EAGLE, DER PRICE OF ALL THIS FREE KNOWLEDGE IS DEATH!



BUT AT THIS MOMENT, THE DUMB BLONDE DECIDES IT'S TIME TO TUNE UP FOR HER AUDITION WITH THE 'COMMANDER'....



I DON'T WANT TO GET THE WORLD ON FIYERRR!

PU LIEBER HIMMEL, VAT IS DOT... A HOOT OWL MIT A BRELLEY-ACHE?

ALL I NEED IS ONE LITTLE BESSIE LIKE THIS!

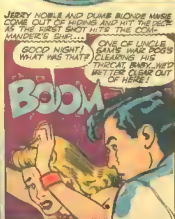
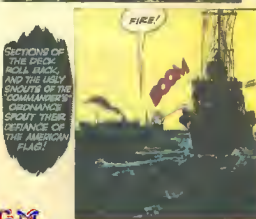
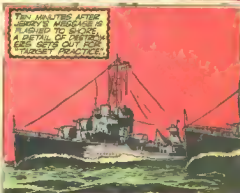
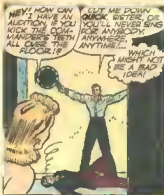
WITH A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT, JERRY NOBLE GIVES A MIGHTY KICK.....

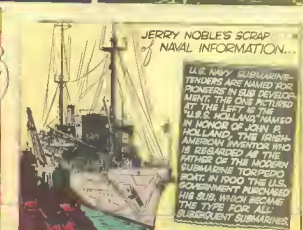
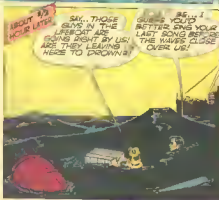
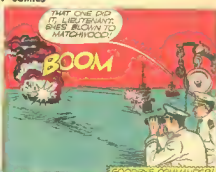


THAT TO YOU, BROTHER!

HEY MAISIE!

WHAM





* GREETINGS, FRIENDS OF ALL NATIONS! I HAVE BUT LITTLE TIME TO STAY FOR ONCE AGAIN, I MUST TAKE TO THE TRAIL! BUT, BEFORE I GO, I'LL TELL THE GOOD STORY OF PIERRE RAVAL... ARCH-FASCIST AND ENEMY OF HIS COUNTRY! I COULD HAVE PICKED OFF RAVAL A DOZEN TIMES, BUT I PURSUED HIM--- HUNTED HIM--AND TREATED HIM TO THE SAME FATE HE'D METED OUT TO OTHERS! *

THE SNIPER



* AFTER FRANCE HAD CRUMBLER BEFORE THE NAZI ONSLAUGHT, LOYAL SOLDIERS PARADE TO THE MINISTER OF WAR AND---

SPEAKING FOR MY COMRADES AND MYSELF, WE COMMAND THOUSANDS OF LOYAL POLLS WHO WISH TO CONTINUE TO FIGHT THE NAZIS!

YOU DO, BUT WELL, I'M PROUD OF YOU! TO-NIGHT GATHER YOUR MEN AT---



MINUTES LATER

--AND SO, HERR KRANZ, THEY GATHER TO-NIGHT AT BORDAUX!

IT WILL BE THEIR LAST GATHERING! JA!



* THAT NIGHT THOUSANDS OF MEN, THE FLOWERS OF FRANCE, WERE AMBUSHED BY A NAZI DIVISION AND CUT DOWN, POURING OUT THEIR LIVES BLOOD UPON THE GROUND THEY SOUGHT TO PRESERVE.



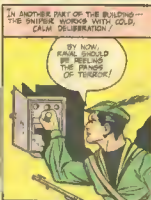
NOT SATISFIED THAT HE BETRAYED HIS FELLOW MEN -- RAVAL, NOW PREPARED TO BETRAY HIS COUNTRY

--WHEN I SHOT THIS, HERR KRANZ, FRANCE IS YOURS, EXCEPT FOR MY SHARE, HA!



THE HUNT BEGINS!





SLOWER... SLOWER... THE DOOR TO
RYNALS' ROOM INCHES OPEN--



TWO FAINT REPORTS AND THE CANDLES
ARE SHUT OUT BY UNSEEN HANDS--



BULLETS HAVE A
MESSAGE OF HATE, AS
OMINOUS DARKNESS
BLANKETS THE ROOM!



CUTTING THROUGH THE SOUND
OF SCUFFLING--A VOICE BLEATS
OUT IN ANGUISH



A CANDLE SPUTTERS INTO LIFE!



REGARDS
FROM THE
SNIPER!



MYSTIC... THINKING FEET
ON... IN A LOWLY STREET
ALL ST... RELENTLESSLY FOLLOW



STREET'S RESOUND TO THE
RHYTHMIC TATTOO OF RUNNING FEET!



DEAD END--



ESPELLO, OBNOVINGLY, THE
SNIPER PACES RELENTLESSLY
ONWARD

THERE IS NO ESCAPE,
RAVAL! YOUR HANDS
ARE RUNNING
SHORT!

AH!
IT'S
OPEN!

THE IRON SEWER CLANGS SHUT AS RAVEL DROPS INTO THE SEWER'S
GLIMMER...

AHA! NOW
TO GET OUT
BY ANOTHER
OPENING.

— AND FOOL
THE SNIPER!
NO! NO...
IT... IT
CAN'T
BE!

OH!! A NAZI
SOLDIER I AM
MONSIEUR RAVEL...
AND I AM BEING
PURSUED BY AN ENEMY OF
GERMANY!

AN ENEMY
OF GERMANY
BUT I'LL
TAKE CARE OF
THAT!

LOOK!
UP THERE!

GGGHH!
NO NOISE!

BROKEN BARBS SOUND THROUGH THE
SEWER'S MURKY GLOOM AS LIGHT AND
FEET FLASH OUT

HERE'S A
PRESENT,
ENEMY
OF
GERMANY!

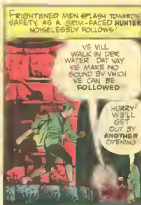
HAAA!
LET HIM
ADMIT!

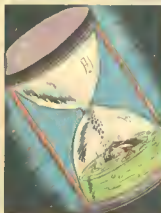
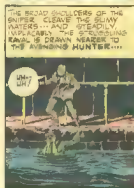
THE UNKNOWN RIPS AWAY FROM THE
NAZI'S CLUTCH AND IS REVEALED AS—

YET I SEE—
SOMEbody SUSPICIOUS GO
UNDER SEWER, AND
THEN I INVESTIGATE
YOU. CULPRIT
HE

A
A
(COMRADES!)
A NAZI
SOLDIER!

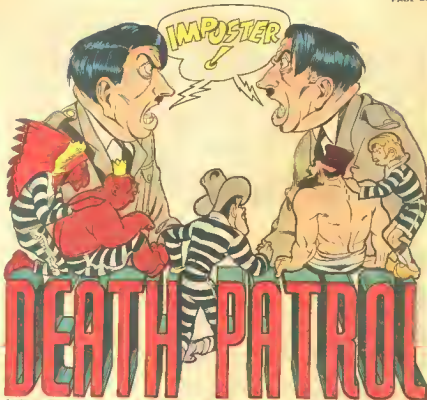
A
A
(COMRADES!)
A NAZI
SOLDIER!



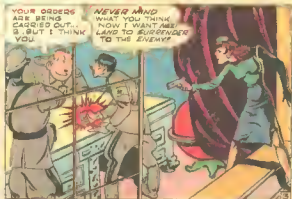
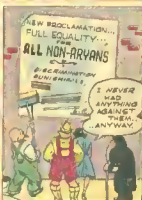
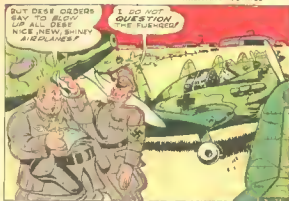




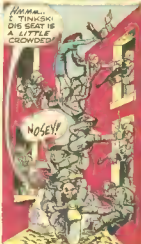












CLEANSED BY



Old Father La Dure was tired. It showed in his walk as he slowly approached his own tiny house. The streets were full of Nazi soldiers, amiably chatting with passersby, and smiling at the pretty Belgian girls. And the girls smiled back! Father La Dure grunted. The fools! Didn't they realize that these handsome, pink-cheeked boys were symbols of oppression—of the death of freedom and liberty?

The old man remembered the day the Nazis had come. It had been a cloudy, overcast day, and the people of the town had heard the roar of planes early that morning. Dur own, probably, they thought. But suddenly it had happened. The sky was filled with great billowing parachutes—hundreds of them! And with each parachute came a fierce, heavily armed man of war. The little garrison of Dutch soldiers had put up a brave fight, La Dure recalled with pride, but to no avail. Somehow the Nazis seemed to know just where to go, the layout of the town, the position of the arsenal—everything. Father La Dure seethed with anger as he thought of the traitors who had helped them—undoubtedly men with whom he was on the friendliest of terms! If only he knew who they were! And these stupid citizens—gradually they had become used to the presence of the Nazis, till now they were actually invading

them to their homes.

His reverie was broken by peals of laughter as he mounted the doorstep of his home. Strange, he thought. His boys were only three—and this laughter sounded like many more. Father La Dure opened the door upon a sight which he had never dreamed of seeing. There, before his own hearth, sat his three young sons—and three Nazi soldiers. For a moment he was struck dumb with rage, then he strode to the center of the room.

"Pigs! Carnion!" he roared. "Out of my house this instant, before I throw you out myself!"

The soldiers leaped to their feet in surprise. Andre, his youngest son, stared at his father.

"But Papa," he said, "these are our friends—"

"Friends!" shouted La Dure. "These—these dogs! Get out, quickly," he grated at the soldiers. "I want no followers of a mad, cruel dictator under my roof!"

The three soldiers had ceased to look like the young, happy boys they were. Coldly, they stared at the old man. Then at a grunted signal from one, they bowed stiffly, and started for the door. Turning, one of them spoke.

"You have not heard the last of this," he said, in clipped accents. "You have insulted our

Leader—and that we cannot overlook." With that, he bowed again, and strode out after his companions.

Father La Dure turned to his sons, who were still staring after the departing soldiers in surprise. "You see, my children," he said gently, "how quickly they change. I can appreciate how you feel. True, they are boys, perhaps fine boys at heart. But they believe in their mad leader—and they must follow his orders. If we allow ourselves to become friends to these soldiers, soon we shall lose our priceless gift of free hearts, and we shall never again have the will to throw off the heavy hand of the dictator."

The old man was taken the next evening. His sons, returning from school, were met by a group of excited neighbors. Father La Dure, they said, had been taken away to the old granary the Nazis were using as a headquarters. He was to be sent away for a term of what the soldiers had called "Education."

"Hmmpf," snorted one. "Education! Many have been taken under that pretense—and have never returned."

Wordlessly, the anguished boys looked at each other. With one accord, they turned and set out in the direction of the granary. As they started out, the neighbors tried to stop them. No one had been allowed in that

vicinity since the Nazis had occupied the place. But the boys said nothing, only strode steadily along, and as they neared the forbidden territory, one by one the others dropped away, until the three were alone.

The three youngsters had no need of speech. They knew what they meant to do. For years, they had used the old granary as a playground. They knew every inch of it, and the surrounding territory by heart. Crouching low, they drifted like shadows through the dark fields, easily passing the sleepy sentries posted around the huge, black building, until they reached the rear of the granary. And there they found what they sought. A gleam of light showed them that the old loose board they had used in days gone by as a secret panel in their games was still undiscovered.

But as the boys stealthily began prying the board loose, they were startled by an explosion of epithets from inside the building, punctuated by a shot. Teating the board loose, they peered in.

The sight they saw caused young Andre to open his mouth in an involuntary scream, but the strong hand of his oldest brother, Francois, covered his mouth.

"No use for that, it would only give us away," whispered Francois savagely. "And it will not help—father is dead."

There before them in the huge cellar stood a group of men. And hanging by a rope tied to his wrists, they saw the body of their father, his shoes off, matches on the floor and his battered face attesting to the tortures he had undergone. The Nazi officer, still holding the gun, snarled in rage. The boys realized that they had been trying to make the old man tell them some secret they thought he knew, and when he could not tell, the officer, in blind rage, had shot him.

"Look," whispered Andre suddenly. "The man holding the matches—he is our mayor! And those others—all men of the town!"

"Francois," said the third brother, "those must be the traitors who led the Nazis in occupy-

ing the town. And they helped to torture father! We must revenge him—and I know how!"

A whispered consultation, and the boys began to put their plan into action. The men in the cellar were too busy with their heated arguments to hear any sounds as the boys quietly bolted doors, propped heavy timbers against them, sealing the men in. Andre slipped into the building and locked the cellar door. When all was in readiness, each boy, at a different spot, applied a flame to the rotten, dry wood of the old granary, and each in turn slipped away into the night.

An hour later, the granary was a huge torch against the sky. Townspeople and soldiers tried to rescue the trapped men, but they were doomed. And high on a hill over the town, the three boys watched a moment before leaving their birthplace for good. "So it is done," said Francois. "In truth, a flaming vengeance. The oppressors and traitors alike perish in the flames of our Father's funeral pyre. And that is as it should be!"

HERO STAMP #7

SCRAMBLE

IN THE R.A.F. MEANS "DOGFIGHT", BUT IN MILITARY COMICS IT MEANS HURRY AND CUT OUT THE LATEST IN OUR SERIES OF R.A.F. HERO STAMPS !!!

SQUADRON LEADER MICHAEL CROSBY, AT 28 IS ONE OF THE OLDEST FIGHTER PILOTS IN THE R.A.F. BUT IS STILL RATED AMONG THE TOP NOTCH FLYERS—AT LAST REPORTS HIS SCORE WAS WELL OVER 80 NAZI PLANES—



This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from British Information Bureau

NAZI TERROR TRAPPED BY TRAWLER

LADY SHIRLEY' SINKS U-BOAT, TAKES CREW OF 44 PRISONERS

London, Oct. 9.

The British Admiralty today released the amazing story of the sinking of a Nazi U-boat by a tiny British trawler. The engagement, which involved the 472-ton naval trawler, Lady Shirley, and a large, powerfully armed Nazi submarine, ended in the destruction of the undersea raider and the capture of its crew of 44 officers and men.

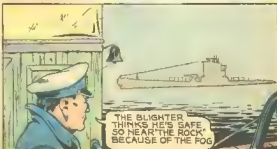
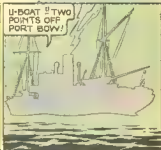
Through our correspondent, constantly in touch with reliable news sources throughout Europe, Military Comics is privileged to present for the first time the TRUE story of the heroic action of the Lady Shirley and her brave crew of thirty English seamen.

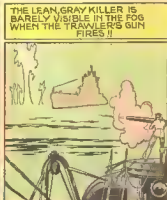
SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC—scene of Britain's "far-flung battle line," where the gallant English Navy fights desperately to preserve its age-old reputation as Mistress of the Seas—

SOMEWHERE WEST OF GIBRALTAR, THE NAVAL TRAWLER, H.M.S. LADY SHIRLEY, COMMANDED BY LIEUT. COMMANDER A.H. CALLAWAY OF SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, IS ON PATROL—MOVING SLOWLY IN A PEASOUP FOG—SUDDENLY THE BOW LOOKOUT CRIES OUT—

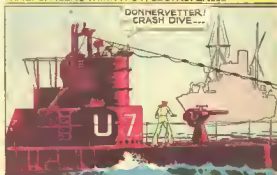
A.M. Williams

U-BOAT! TWO POINTS OFF PORT BOW!





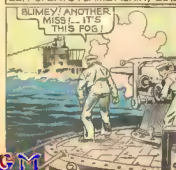
MISTAKING THE MISTY OUTLINES OF THE TRAWLER, THE NAZI OFFICERS THINK IT'S A DESTROYER...



DOWN TO FIFTY FEET..... PERISCOPE



DETERMINED NOT TO LET THE U-BOAT ESCAPE, THE LADY SHIRLEY'S GUN SPURTS FLAME AGAIN, BUT--



THE U-BOAT HAS SUBMERGED... WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO GET HER WITH THE DEPTH CHARGES--



HOLD THE
DEPTH CHARGE
-- THE SUB
HAS PROBABLY
OUT-DISTANCED
US AND IS NOW
CIRCLING TO
ATTACK!!



SUPPOSE I
WERE THAT
JERRY SKIPPER
-- WHAT WOULD
I DO?

WHY,
CHASE
US AND
TORPEDO
US,
SIR.



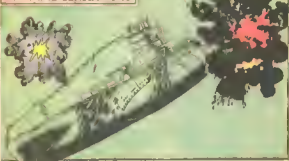
RIGHT... BECAUSE WE'RE ONLY
A SMALL TRAWLER, THE SUB
WILL EXPECT US TO RUN... WELL
WE'LL STAY HERE... COURSE
THREE-TWO-ZERO



AND DEPTH CHARGES START
ROLLING OFF THE TRAWLER'S
STERN



CAUGHT OFF GUARD, THE
U-BOAT IS ROLLED ON
HER BEAM ENDS BY THE
STUNNING CONCUSSIONS



MAIN INDUCTOR
VALVE JAMMED
UP FORWARD...
AND SOME PLATE
RIVETS ARE SPUNG
IN THE BATTERY
ROOM

ACH-- GET
TAT VAL
LEARED!



BATTERIES
ARE SHORT
CIRCUITING
DUE TO THE
WATER COM-
ING IN, SIR!

SWITCH ON
EMERGENCY
LIGHTS-- CLOSE
THE BATTERY
ROOM BULK-
HEADS IF ANY
CHLORINE GAS
FORMS --



LEVEL AT 200 FEET--
TRIM SHIP-- STOP
ALL MOTORS...!!



TRIM SHIP NOSE
HEAVY...IT'LL DRAIN
THE WATER DOWN
FROM THE STERN
BATTERY ROOM...
START THE PUMPS!!

INDUCTOR
VALVE STILL
JAMMED, SIR...
SHE'S TAKING
IN WATER
BADLY NOW!!



DONNERWETTER...!!
IT TOOK A LITTLE
TRAWLER TO GET U
INTO THIS MESS...

THAT VALVE HAS US LICK-
ED...WE MUST SURFACE
OR SINK...BLOW TANKS,
START MOTORS...GUN
CREW, STAND BY...!!



MAYBE WE
GOT THE
BLIGHTER
WITH OUR
DEPTH
BOMBS

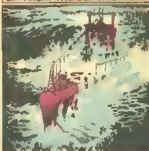
DOUBT IT...
WE HAVEN'T
SEEN ANY
OIL SLICK



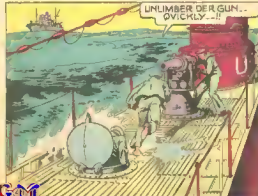
THE BLOOMIN'
U-BOAT...!!
THREE POINTS
OFF PORT BOW!



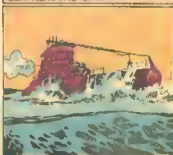
AIR VENTS BLOWING, AND
WATER STREAMING DOWN
HER GLISTENING SIDES, THE
DAMAGED U-BOAT REARS
UP FROM THE DEPTHS....



UNLIMBER DER GUN...
QUICKLY...!!



WITH HER SUPERIOR GUN RANGE,
THE U-BOAT OPENS FIRE FIRST...
BECAUSE OF THE RANGE, THE
H.M.S. LADY SHIRLEY'S SMALLER
GUN REMAINS SILENT....



THE FIRST SHELL FROM THE SUB HOWLS DOWN AND EXPLODES WITH A ROAR... THE TRAWLER STAGGERS FROM THE HIT AMIDSHIPS



THEY GOT THE KID I'M OKAY...

YEAH... HIS FIRST CRUISE, TOO...



ONE MAN KILLED AND TWO WOUNDED, SIR... SHALL WE RUN FOR IT?



NO... THAT U-BOAT CAN CRUISE AS FAST AS WE CAN, SO WE KEEP ON UNTIL SHE'S WITHIN RANGE OF OUR GUN



THE GALLANT TRAWLER REELS AS THE NAZI SHELLS BLAST HER FROM STEM TO STERN BUT SHE PLOWS DOGGEDLY ON...



WE'RE WITHIN RANGE... OPEN FIRE... IT'S UP TO YOU NOW!



WE'RE ON FIRE AMIDSHIPS, SIR AND OUR RADIO IS SMASHED...



AH HA... HIT 'EM WITH OUR FIRST SHOT!

...BUT THE TRAWLER'S SHOT DOES NOT MAKE A DIRECT HIT... IT GLANCES OFF THE U-BOAT'S CONNING TOWER...



C MON, YOU BLIGHTERS... PUT ANOTHER SHELL INTO 'EM, BLARST YA!! WE'RE GIVIN' 'EM SOME OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE NOW... ON TARGET... FIRE !!



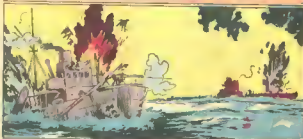
THE NEXT SHELL SHATTERS THE STERN END OF THE SUB'S CONNING TOWER...



A NAVAL TRAWLER GETTING THE BEST OF HITLER'S U-BOAT "INCREDIBLE!! SINK THAT VER-DAMNTE ENGLISH TUB!!"



WITH ODDS ABOUT EVEN, THE H.M.S. LADY SHIRLEY AND THE SUB HURL SHELL AFTER SHELL INTO EACH OTHER!!... WITH HALF HER CREW DEAD OR WOUNDED, THE STUBBORN TRAWLER CONTINUES TO BLAST AWAY...



DU LIEBER HIMMEL...!! CAN'T THIS TRAWLER BE STOPPED...? WE'VE RIDDLED IT... BUT STILL IT COMES ON...!!



A ROARING EXPLOSION, BLINDING FLAME AND A SURGE OF WATER POURS IN THROUGH A SHELL-HOLE IN THE SUB'S SIDE!



HIMMEL!... WE'RE GOING DOWN... GET OUT !!



THE WATER IS COMING IN TOO FAST FOR THE PUMPS... WE'RE FINISHED...





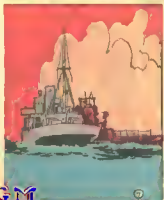
THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN DOESN'T SEE THE SAILOR BEHIND HIM... A HEAVY SPANNER WRENCH CRASHES DOWN ON HIS HEAD



THE BLAZE IN HER HOLD EXTINGUISHED, THE BATTERED TRAWLER CAUTIOUSLY CLOSES IN ON THE FOUNDERING SUB...



STAND BY TO TAKE OFF THE U-BOAT'S CREW...! LOOK LIVELY NOW... KEEP 'EM COVERED WITH RIFLES WHEN THEY COME ABOARD



TAKE 'EM BELOW...SEE THAT THE WOUNDED ARE TAKEN CARE OF---



ARE WE GOING TO TAKE THE SUB IN TOW, SIR? SHE'D MAKE QUITE A PRIZE!



DOUBT IF SHE'LL
STAY AFLOAT MUCH
LONGER... WE GOT
HER BELOW THE
WATER-LINE...

WE'LL BE IN A
FIX OURSELVES
IF THE SEA GETS
ROUGH... THIS
SHIP IS A WRECK
-- THERE GOES
THE U-BOAT...



THE SHELL-TORN LADY SHIRLEY PRESENTS A SORRY
PICTURE AS SHE STRUGGLES HOMEWARD... HER CREW
EXPECTING HER TO SINK UNDER THEIR FEET AT ANY
MOMENT DESPITE THE USE OF COLLISION MATS ---- !!



LOOKS LIKE A SQUALL IS
COMING UP... IF WE DON'T
MAKE GIBRALTAR SOON
WE'RE SUNK..!



BUT THE TRAWLER IS NOT FATED
TO SINK... BEFORE THE SQUALL
HITS SHE ARRIVES AT THE
MIGHTY ROCK OF GIBRALTAR...



WE SEEM TO BE
CAUSING A BIT
OF EXCITEMENT.

AYE, SIR...
I NEVER
EXPECTED TO
SEE THIS
PORT AGAIN



AND THUS ENDS AN EPIC
BATTLE BETWEEN A TINY
NAVAL TRAWLER AND A
POWERFUL, DEADLY, UNDER-
SEAS RAIDER...



The ATLANTIC PATROL



ON ORDERS OF THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF,--THE PRESIDENT,--THE ATLANTIC PATROL GUARDS OUR SHORES

LIGHTS OUT, MAINTAINING RADIO SILENCE, AND IN CONDITION 3...BATTLE CONDITION...!!

IT'S A FOUR MOTOR-ED LONG RANGE BOMBER OF SOME KIND...



IT'S A NAZI FOCKE-WULF KURIER AND IT'S HEADED FOR THE CONVOY WE SIGHTED A WHILE BACK...RADIO THEM BY SPECIAL SHORT WAVE BEAM---



WARNED OF THE APPROACHING BOMBER, THE CONVOY PREPARES TO CATAPULT A PLANE

YOU'VE A JOB ON YOUR HANDS! BUT DO YOUR BEST, PILOT



REALIZING HIS LIGHT PLANE HAS SLIGHT CHANCE AGAINST THE BIG BOMBER, THE COURAGEOUS PILOT TAKES OFF



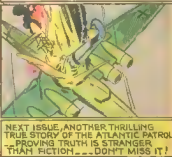
MY BEST CHANCE AGAINST THIS BABY IS TO KEEP MOVING AROUND SO HIS GUN CAN'T GET AT ME---



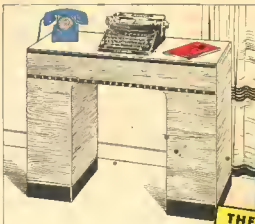
...BUT THE NAZI GUNNERS ARE GOOD...AND SUDDENLY FLAME STREAKS BACK FROM THE SEA-PLANE---



MOTOR SCREAMING WIDE OPEN THE HEROIC PILOT SENDS HIS FLAMING PLANE HURTLING INTO THE GIANT BOMBER...HIS GALLANT ACTION SAVES THE CONVOY---



NEXT ISSUE, ANOTHER THRILLING TRUE STORY OF THE ATLANTIC PATROL...PROVING TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION...DON'T MISS IT!



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LIGHTNING-LEADER INVENTION!

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—only about 1000 shots
a clean reloading time.

GOLDEN BANNED BARRI!

These shiny golden-banded
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at close range but they
never. Like the gold band
a warning that you have
lost it to the ground of war.

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As the Daisy is the only
Daisy brand rifle for boys
it's a great 1.50 shot
bullet. It's the only one
—larger for boys than it
is. The Daisy brand is
a safe choice for
Eastern War!

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For the shot look a pump-carbine,
full length barrel—ch
wood, just "easy" into
one hand and holds the
Carbine style in a shot.

SHOOT The Famous

DAISY 1000-SHOT

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Looks just like a real
Cowboy Carbine. It's
proofed to have my name
on picture of me, with
my horse "Thunder" brand-
ed on the stock.

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